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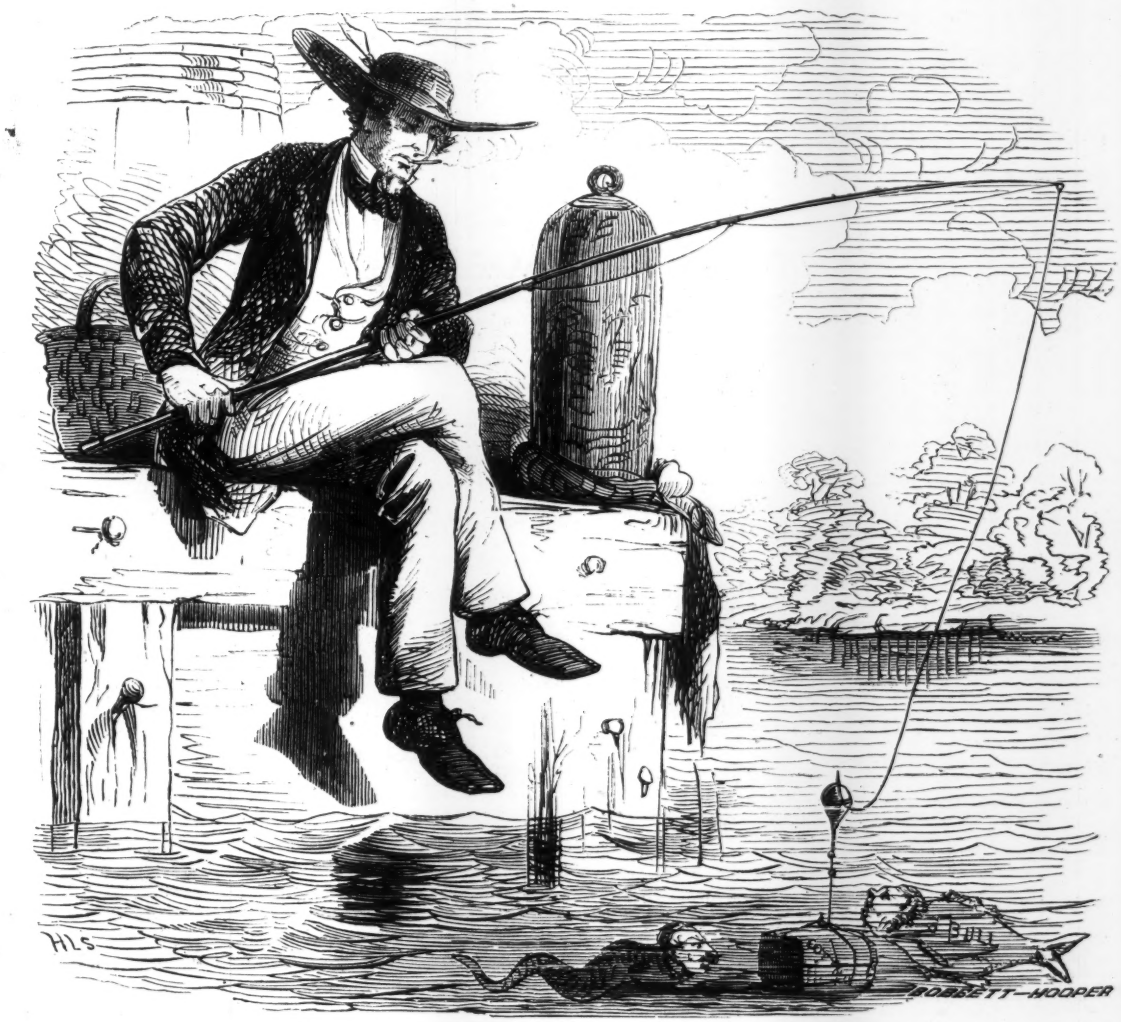
VOL. 4. NO. 104

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

DECEMBER 21,

1861.



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This continent has lately been convulsed by an upheaving so sudden and terrific that the relations of all men and all classes to each other are violently disturbed, and people look about for the elements with which to sway the storm and direct the whirlwind. Just at present we do not know what all this is to bring forth; but we do know that great results MUST flow from such extraordinary commotions.

At a juncture so solemn and so important there is especial need that the intellectual force of the country should be active and efficient. It is time for great minds to speak their thoughts boldly, and to take position as the advance guard. To this end there is a special want unsupplied. It is that of an Independent Magazine, which shall be open to the first intellects of the land, and which shall treat the issues presented, and to be presented to the country, in a tone no way tempered by partisanship, or influenced by fear, favor, or the hope of reward; which shall seize and grapple with the momentous subjects that the present disturbed state of affairs heave to the surface, and which CANNOT be laid aside or neglected.

To meet this want, the undersigned announce that early in December next, and monthly thereafter, will be published, under the editorial charge of CHARLES GODFREY LELAND, Esq., a new Magazine, entitled

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to be devoted to Literature and National Policy.

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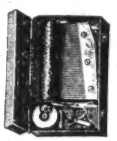

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RANTANQUERO DE BOOM-JING-JING;

—OR—

THE WRATH OF THE REBEL RIVAL.

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR.

BY MCARONE.

CHAPTER II.

As nearly as we can remember, we left a dagger, last week, in the act of descending, lickity-whittle, toward the capacious breast of our hero, the while he slept upon his martial couch.

Well, as there was nothing to prevent, the blade entered, close beside the left row of military buttons on Don RANTANQUERO's coat, and was buried quite up to the hilt.

Leaving the weapon where it stuck, PETER moseyed.

When I say "moseyed," we mean that he ran away like thunder.

Far away, over hill and dale, through field and swamp, up mountains and across fountains, went the murderer, with a bewildered brain, a throbbing heart, a fevered brow and muddy boots.

He felt much about as if the mark of CAIN was on him; and to be candid, it probably was.

He never brought up till within the lines of General BEAUREGARD's camp, at Richmond . . . the tallest run on record, perhaps, if we except that of PRICE, in Missouri, who, for aught we know, is running yet.

BEAUREGARD sat in his marquee, sumptuously dressed in a suit of canvas. His trousers, being home-made, were a trifle baggy behind, but he was a great general for all that. In his right hand he held a large piece of corn bread; in his left, a tin cup full of the delicate and sparkling whiskey for which the South is notorious.

"Who disturbs my lunch?" he roared in thunder tones, as PETER darkened the door.

"Only me, Sir!" said PETER.

"And who the d——l are you?" asked BEAUREGARD, with calm dignity.

"One who can serve you well. I have slewed the great RANTANQUERO DE BOOM-JING-JING. I want a major-generalship in your army!"

"RANTANQUERO dead? Ha! by my halidome, this is good news! Ho! slaves, without, there! let rockets be shot off instantly!"

A soldier poked his head into the tent. He was a little drunk, and wanted shaving.

"Please, General," said he, "there ain't no rockets."

"Let the cannon belch forth our gladness, then," said BEAUREGARD.

"Please, Sir, there ain't no cannon."

"Blockhead! then fire a salute of musketry, and quick!"

"Please, Sir, there ain't no muskets."

"How now? No arms at all? Then beat the drums."

"There ain't no drums nother, General."

"This gets me down a little," said BEAUREGARD, somewhat embarrassed. "I say," he continued; "go tell the men to cheer and clap their hands."

A company or two were drawn up in column, and made to give three cheers. PETER was struck with the whiteness of their uniform.

"You . . . you dress your men in white, this weather?" asked he of the General.

"Hm . . . no, not exactly. You see, we get pretty dirty, hereabout, so I have 'em all whitewashed once a week."

PETER regarded the General's face, hair, beard, and linen, steadfastly, for ten minutes.

"Yes, said he, thoughtfully; "you *do* get pretty dirty, hereabout."

"Let that pass," said BEAUREGARD, evasively; "now, what do you want?"

"Well, I don't mind. Suppose you make me commander-in-chief."

"I can't do that. I'll tell you, though; I'll give you a brigadiership. I've just received a choice lot of regiments from Maryland; a brigade, in fact, of Rough-skins, Rose-buds, Blood-tubs, etc. They are armed with brass-knuckles and slung-shot, and their principal work will be to kill the wounded."

"That will just suit me."

A curious and cadaverous-looking person in seedy black, who looked as if he had slept in his clothes a good while, now entered the tent, and was received with great ceremony by the General.

"Gen'l," hicupped the new-comer, "d'yer wanna take Washlton t' day?"

"It is impossible, Sir."

"Dam 'poss'ble! We m'st 'ave movement . . . moo-oo-oovement. Y' understand? I say, 'f yer don't giver blas'd Yankis h—ll t' day, I'll kick yer'n neck!"

With which fervent speech, he departed.

"Who's that old bloke?" asked PETER.

"That *gentleman*," said BEAUREGARD, severely, "is the Honorable JEFFERSON DAVIS, President of the Confederate States!"

Agreeably to DAVIS's request, as above given, the General immediately ordered an advance upon the federal lines, and PETER was assigned a position with his brigade, where he could do the most masterly execution among the hospitals and ambulances.

The din of arms and the smoke of conflict raged on the sacred soil of Virginia. The valiant soldiery of a sundered land met in the fierce embrace of death. The rebels executed that never-failing retrograde movement of theirs, which they have become so wonderfully perfect in, and which has saved them so many thousands of valuable lives, and the battle was over. Only one body of the Confederates remained. The brigade under General PETER, occupied in bravely slaughtering the surgeons and the wounded, tarried late upon the field.

PETER, isolated from his men by a copse of hazel, could not refrain from doing a little active duty himself. An artilleryman, whose leg was caught in a cannon-carriage, begged for water, and PETER, rushing to him, drew his slung-shot.

At that instant, a stalwart form, seven feet high, loomed up before him, and the trumpet tones of a copious voice blistered his easterly ear.

"Hold! Recreant miscreant! Wouldst slew the maimed? Then, by my grandfather's beard, thou diest!"

It was Senhor Don RANTANQUERO DE BOOM-JING-JING!

"Rantan . . . Rantanque . . . RANTANQUERO!" was all that General PETER could utter.

"I still live" said the Don, "and am as good as any two dead men. Come on. I just want the fun of knocking the socks off of you. I'll bet you two to one that one of us will whip the other, and double it that you won't be the winning man; then I'll bet you four to three that I can whip you, and double it that I'll win all the bets!"

"But, Sir, stammered PETER, you ought to be dead . . . you *must* be dead . . . I'd almost bet two to one you are dead . . . I . . ."

"Ninnyhammer! Knowst thou not that uniform coats must have full and manly chests, even if their wearers have not? Look; there are twelve pounds of curled hair in this bosom, into which thy assassin dagger harmlessly plunged. Put up your hands."

PETER squared himself neatly, resting firmly on his pins, and taking the position generally assumed by old TOM PADDOCK in his

younger days. The Don ran in nimbly, and as time was called, set his left pin on the scratch. Both men were in splendid condition and came up smiling. Betting was even.

1*st. round.*—PETER let fly a left-hander, which was cleverly stopped by the Don's right, while with his left he got in a rattling slogger on PETE's bugle, which made the claret fly. *First blood* immediately claimed for the Don, and allowed by the referee. After a little in-fighting, both clinched and went down, PETER underneath.

2*nd. round.*—PETER came up smiling, but cautious; the Don rushed in a little too confidently, and got a stinger on the kissing-trap, that started the rum. He lost no time, however, and soon paid it back with a right-hander on the mazzard, which made PETE's ivory rattle. He countered lightly on the Don's goggle, and tried to clinch, but the other was too lively, and poor PETE went to grass with a neat uppercut just under his feed-hole. Bets offered two to one on the Don.

3*rd. round.*—The Don seemed fresh, but PETER was a little groggy; still, he seemed to show considerable game and gluttony, and led off well with his left, getting home on the Don's mug. The latter replied with a sharp counter which nearly closed PETE's right peeper, and a clinch and fall left the Don on top. As PETE went down, the Don gave him a kidney-smasher, and a cry of "foul" was raised, but not allowed.

4*th. and last round*—Both men showed punishment, but PETER was much the worst off. His mug was badly cut, and his right glim was completely doused. He was shaky on his pins, too, and did not put his hands up till after the Don had slopped his face on both sides. He then let fly, very wildly, and was knocked clear home to his corner by a clever left-hander on the sore goggle. All the sponging in the world couldn't bring him up when time was called, so the sponge was thrown up, and the fight given to the Don without question.

Change we the scene.

GLORIANNA, . . the fair and noble . . . was in danger. Her father found that she utterly refused to wed with PETER, and as he could do nothing with her, he concluded to kill her. To this end, he sharpened up a big butcher-knife, knocked his daughter down, and seized her chin with one hand while in the other he grasped the gleaming knife.

*D. WEBSTER.

(To be Continued.)

A Brush for Baltimore.

We are told by the newspapers, that General MCLELLAN "made a flying visit to Baltimore," some days ago. It is to be presumed that the General was accompanied by an escort of flying artillery, and to be hoped that their wings brushed away some of the traitors from Baltimore as they swept by. That city would not be the worse for a General sweep-out, just now.

A Change for the old Ships of the Stone Squadron.

From Whaling up the Northern Seas to Sealing up the Southern ports.

The Abolitionist's Ophthalmia.

Color-blindness.

CABINET CONVERSATION PIECES.

No. I.

SCENE.—*A Bureau at Washington.*

The SECRETARY OF WAR *and the* SECRETARY OF THE NAVY, *seated. Table with refreshments for two.*

S. of W.—Well, or WELLES, rather, what think you of this enterprise of the Stone Fleet? will it hold water?

S. of N.—Won't it, though! just wait until the plugs are pulled out.

S. of W.—What! the Plugs? you don't mean to say that you've put Baltimore men aboard of the old hulks!

S. of N.—No I don't. I wish I had thought of it in time, though, and I would. They'd be cheaper than stone, and sink faster, and stick tighter in the mud, so they would, the Plug Uglies, and they'd be a good riddance to the upper earth, and a great blessing to the bottom of the sea. I meant the water-plugs—the pegs upon which hang the destinies of many a Southern port!

S. of W.—Oh! Ah! And when the water-plugs are pulled out, what then?

S. of N.—What then? Why, then we shall rival England in our seaboard arrangements.

S. of W.—How so?

S. of N.—Have our Cinque Ports.

S. of W.—Ah! I see. Our Sink Ports—very good, indeed: you brighten, daily. Sink with an S., and Sink with a C.

S. of N.—Sink with a load of stones, and Sink *in* the Sea—that's more to the purpose. Don't keep that bottle all to yourself.

S. of W.—There'll be a yell from the Southern ports, soon. The very mouths of the rivers will be crying for bread.

S. of N.—And we'll give 'em stone. Our Loaves will go to their Fishes!

S. of W.—The Loaves and the Fishes, ay! How well you remember your catechism!

S. of N.—Not much. "I would I were a boy again."

S. of W.—A Buoy, eh? To mark out your Sink Ports, I suppose. But why sacrifice old whalers? Their Blubber will arise in judgment, a voice of Wailing from the deep, and BOREAS will sing a *De Profundis*, as he sweeps his Æolian harp-strings to their requiem.

S. of N.—Æolian harp-strings be blowed! Say Harpoon strings; and as to their blubber coming up from the deep, oil is a specific for troubled waters, you know. The waves of rebellion may yet feel the influence of the old whaler's oozy hold.

S. of W.—Rather a slippery Hold for some, I guess. Don't put your hat between me and the bottle; I object to having that Port blockaded.

S. of N.—My mind is troubled about the Stone Fleet. It's about time we heard from the old sea-dog in command.

S. of W.—Didn't the President come out bright about that old sea-dog, yesterday! "We'll be sure to hear from him, somehow," said he, "for his 'Bark is on the Sea.'"

S. of N.—Look! what's that in the tree at the window? It glares like N. P. WILLIS—shall I shoot?

S. of W.—No, no! let's ring the bell, but not with a pistol. [*Rings.*]

Enter CONTRABANJO, *Yellow Stick in Waiting.*

BANJO, who's that in the tree?

Contrabanjo. Massa N. P. WILLIS, sah, a Pencillin' by the Way.

S. of W.—Order him off, BANJO, and cut down the tree. These Conversations are copy-right for VANITY FAIR.

Interesting to Almanac Makers.

The *Herald*, in its programme of things going to be done for the humiliation of the Southern insurgents, states that Memphis, Tenn., is to be bombarded and reduced to ashes.

"About this time look out for snow;" because there is an AVALANCHE in Memphis, which, from the nature of things, is of course less likely to fall in ashes than in flakes.

A Seasonable Reflection.

Since the successful exploit of Captain WILKES, in arresting the rebel emissaries, MASON and SLIDELL, upon the briny deep, may it not be truthfully asserted that America rivals England upon the Seize?

The Bare, Naked Truth.

There will be no Close of the year in the revolted States this winter, on account of the scarcity of dry-goods and other Clothing materials.

THE CONTINENTAL RIFLERS.

The city of Washington is now safe from all attacks beyond peradventure. A glorious band of patriots have thrown themselves into the breach, and President LINCOLN and his Cabinet may now sleep in security. Pennsylvania is up: Philadelphia is on hand: WILLARD'S Hotel has been turned into a camp, and CHAD, sweet CHAD, perennially blooming CHAD, has donned his martial attire, and boldly leads the hastily organized, but thoroughly equipped, Spartan band, who have issued proposals to the Government to close up this little War business by contract.

CHAD is arrayed in gorgeous splendor. We were enabled to look on the upper half of him only at one time; the whole figure would have been too much for our visual orbs; but a stolen side glance at his legs in the dusk of the evening, (or what is about the same, by the dim light of the two gas-jets which are so prodigally burned by the lessees of WILLARD'S to illuminate the hall) satisfied us that the upper half of him was the better half, and we had that portion of him daguerreotyped instanter by BRADY, and here, ladies and gentlemen, you have him:—

The Continental uniform was adopted by this heroic band upon a suggestion made by a veteran contractor, who has grown gray in the service, that as many of them had claims upon SIMON CAMERON anterior to the Revolution, a more modern style of dress would not be in keeping. As this afforded the festive CHAD an opportunity to transmit himself to posterity in his inimitable personation of General WASHINGTON, at the age of Forty, and also enabled him to dispute the palm with our esteemed friend PETER RICHINGS, whose "Ex-tra-or-di-na-ry resemblance to that great, that good, that im mor-tal man" has been the admiration and wonder of the mimic world, for the last sixty-one years, it was unanimously adopted, and several gentlemen who had taken up their residence in Washington, for the purpose of supplying the Government with "hosses" and other small wares immediately offered to contract with the gallant Colonel to supply him and his devoted band with the choicest of shoddy garments. A spirited contest ensued between them, and the contract was eventually awarded to an intelligent Pennsylvania politician, who knew a man, who had a brother, that had become connected by marriage with a bushel-man, and was therefore rightly supposed by the Government and the Colonel also, to know all about it.

We hail the formation of this regiment with pleasure. Secretary CAMERON, on hearing of it, immediately treated himself and family to a pleasure party to New York, West Point, Albany, Boston, etc The doorkeeper, and chief of the barricades in the War Department, sailed off joyously and took lodgings for a few days at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia. The Chief Clerk instantly got himself appointed as Consul to NICE, a nice place no doubt, in order to give full vent to his unbounded joy, and Assistant Secretary SCOTT immediately ordered a sumptuous banquet at WILLARD'S, for all the overworked clerks of the department, which we are happy to state went off with mirthful merriment, only dampened by the fact of the non-appearance of the Assistant Secretary, who about that time was wrestling with the contents of Five Thousand newly arrived telegraphic despatches.

The organization of this Regiment, and the consequent withdrawal of the old familiar faces from the halls and antechambers of the War Department, making that building now a solitude which erst was so densely crowded from 9 A. M. until 3 P. M., will give to the pure and simple-minded applicants from other States, a little show for such of the public plunder as has not yet been swallowed up by Pennsylvania. Under the leadership of the indomitable CHADWICK the country will look to them for feats of terrible daring.

Armed with rifles (ominous word,) of the very largest bore, sabre bayonets with which they can "cut and come again," as has been their wont, and led on by one so long accustomed to fearful charges, as the dwellers at WILLARD'S know full well, the Continental Riflers we hope will soon find their way to glory, and be embalmed in the memories of all lovers of their country as a band of brothers who, in the faithful performance of their contract, nobly bled and died, after having for a long period bled their country.

GAS.

(BY OUR CHEMICAL CONTRIBUTOR.)

Q. What is carburetted hydrogen gas?

A. A very offensive gas, formed of carbon and hydrogen.

Q. Where is it found?

A. In marshes, Congress, and other dirty places.

Q. Why in Congress?

A. Because we there find hydrogen, or the brains of certain Congressmen—(the lightest of all known substances) in constant combination with carbon or lamp-black—the nigger question.

Q. What causes this gas?

A. The putrefaction of vegetable substances. Thus, in Congress, we see it proved from the decay of all generous and noble principles, among a lot of very small potatoes and mushroom Statesmen.

Q. How is this gas generated?

A. By stirring the dirty and putrid mud-pools of party politics, and collecting the gas as it escapes in the *retorts* of bubbling Orators.

Q. Why is this gas called fire-damp or inflammable air?

A. Because it very readily catches fire and explodes when a light is introduced to it, as in coal mines.

A. Is this effect produced anywhere else?

A. Constantly in Congress. The gas emitted from the mouths of brawling politicians damps the fire of true patriotism, consumes the public time and patience, and causes explosions when it comes in contact with the light—of truth and reason.

Q. What sort of explosions?

A. Explosions of anger generally, but often also of loud laughter; when it comes from such comic fellows as LOVEJOY and others.

Q. Is not the same gas evolved from the smoking wick of a candle?

A. Yes.

Q. Can you give an instance?

A. Yes—on the recent election for Mayor in New York. A shining light among the politicans—some say a very *wick*-ed schemer—was suddenly snuffed out, and a large amount of this inflammable noxious gas was thereby evolved in Mozart Hall, in Volks' Garten, and other similar places.

Q. But that shining light was Wood. Do not some woods—like Sandal and Cedar, for instance—give out delightful fragrance, during combustion?

A. Certainly. Bnt this wood was nothing like Sandal or Cedar, unless perhaps we take the C from Scandal and the se from *Se*ceder, both of which have always caused the Wood in question to be in very bad odor with the public.

To the Secretary of the Navy.

DEAR SIR.—Would not a couple of craft built upon the model of WINANS's Cigar steamer, be capital things for Smoking out Commodore TATNALL's "Mosquito Fleet?"

Very admiringly yours,

Vanity Fair.

BLACK INGRATITUDE.

"WHY DO DE WHITE MAN FOLLER MY PATH."

Ancient Negro Melody.

Epigram.

"Some mute inglorious Massett here may rest."
TILTON.

The *Leader* t'other day,
In its very sober way,
Said that MASSETT, (you must know the famous man,)
Had achieved a new idea,
(It came to him o'er his beer!)
A funeral on the good old English plan!

Black hearses, blacker plumes,
And a mute in all the rooms—
That latter proposition sure will suit;
Provided STEPHEN C.
The mute himself will be—
For who would not like to see MASSETT mute

Effects of Metropolitan Milk.

The French know more about milk than we do. Rather. A French physician has been demonstrating that vaccination can be effected by the judicious use of cow's milk as a beverage. This has been tried by a well-known medical man of New York City, who administered large quantities of the kind of milk we get to twenty select patients—without success, however, as the vaccine was not communicated in any case. Nineteen out of the twenty got water on the brain, though.

At their Wit's end.

Literary itemizers tell us that a new translation of DANTE's works is about to be produced in Germany, by M. WITTE. Isn't it a pity that Miss LAURA KEENE does not get somebody answering to that appellation to do her burlesques for her?

THE NORTHERN, SOUTHERN, ENGLISH AND MARINE IMBROGLIO.

England was heard from last week, and according to the files received somebody or other in its vicinity had made a remark about Messrs. MASON and SLIDELL. The Trent, the San Jacinto, the Nashville, the Adger, the Harvey Birch, Captain PEGRAM, and Captain NELSON. We say somebody made a remark—the *Herald* says "England is aroused," and leads us to infer by a sort of drunken frenzy, as it afterwards appears, that the nation is to indulge in some Sober second thoughts. After reading attentively several reams of editorials on the absorbing topics of the hour, we begin to see that the London *Times* thinks the "Mashville was right in burning NASON and SHYDELL, and that the English people are to be considered belligerents and hunky boys unless Captain WILKES arrests the Trent and keeps a blockade; because cotton is doing a great deal for this war, which is one of negroes, and entirely beyond the control of the German princes—they representing a maritime power, which according to Lord STANLEY, entitles Mr. LINCOLN'S government to run as long as it can, so long as the merchants of Liverpool and the Cotton Spinners obtain a control of the new ideas now being worked out by this fratricidal war, with its concomitant confusing influences upon the fate of nations.

That places the matter in a newer and clearer light.

[Advertisement.]

MATRIMONIAL.—A YOUNG LADY OF BENEVOLENT CHARACTER, POSsessed of considerable personal attractions, is desirous of forming the acquaintance of a gentleman, a physician, not less than 40, with a view to matrimony. As the lady has just dismissed a decrepid suitor who has annoyed her wih his addresses for a long time, no broken-down apothecaries or octogenarian surgeons need answer this advertisement. No one will be accepted who is not a man of energy and intelligence. Money no object, as the lady is provided with an ample dowry by her very respectable uncle. Address Miss HYGEIA, care of the Medical Bureau, Washington, D. C.

Chargers for the Army.

The Sutlers.

NOT FOR US.

I.

Weep on, JOHN BULL, but not for us—
Ah! turn thy gaze, a while
Where Famine's goblin incubus
Broods o'er the pale Green Isle.

II.

The deadly blights her fields lay bare,
The tears are in her eyes:
Her sighs for us we well can spare—
With hers we sympathise.

What ho! without: bring straws

The ultimation of idiocy is at last reached. We learn from Southern source that "a man has been arrested in Richmond for stealing a number of blank Confederate Treasury Notes."

Con.

How does the ideal embodiment of the horrors of Slavery, differ from the real embodiment of the curse of Abolitionism?
One is represented by Le-gree, the other by GREE-LEY.

Sensible Man!

SCHWACKHAMMER says he doesn't care particularly about any battles royal; what he wants to see is some more battles Port Royal.

Continental Currency.

Nary Red.

ADVICE TO JOHN BULL.

SHUT UP YOUR TELESCOPE, AND DON'T WASTE YOUR TEARS UPON US. IF YOU WANT TO GET UP A "GOOD CRY," LOOK AT HOME.

GONE TO THE WAR.

Colonels, Captains and Lieutenants have been wept and sung over by their friends and the public, as they departed for the war; but who has wept, without being sung over, as I have, about a young man named JOB HAMMATT, who went to the war the other day, a teamster in the Massachusetts 23d? He is my brother, the youngest of the family and the only one of us who has a Roman nose, to which fact I at first supposed his pursuit of Mars with a baggage wagon and four young horses might be owing.

I was astonished to get a letter from Carver, the village I live in, a few weeks ago, containing the news of JOB's enlistment; for when I was at home last summer he had no idea of it, feeling indifferent in regard to Secesh. He never looked at the papers except for the accidents from runaway horses, or the reports of the Brighton Cattle Market; so when I left for New York on a visit to my cousin ANN, who keeps an excellent boarding-house, in 10th street, near Broadway, my mind was settled respecting any of *our* folks ever going out of Carver, near as it is to Plymouth Rock, to help break the spine of the Rebellion. (I wish Professor AGASSIZ would try it.)

Every thing was safe and snug at home, although father only gave me money enough to pay my passage on, telling me that if he gave me more he should be obliged to sell a cow; but as he always said the same thing when he gave me money, I thought the remark meant nothing.

The first of October he sold our carryall horses without giving any reason for so doing, and exchanged JOB's saddle-horse for an old lame mare with SETH TINKHAM. In less than a week after JOB enlisted in the 23d, and went into camp at Lynnfield. He had never been farther from home than Plymouth; never slept on any bed, but one composed of the feathers of our own geese; never ate a meal that did not consist of first rate country fare. His chief labors had been to drive our horses, milk the cows, and fodder the cattle. Oh how I cried when I heard what he had written home of his hardships!

Camp life, he said, was Whiskey, Oaths and Drill. Eight hours a day his fingers were clumped on a musket; he was as sore as LAZARUS, and as lame as TINKHAM's mare. His second letter, written two weeks later, was quite different; the paper had a vile smell of tobacco, and was defaced with dirty thumb marks. He liked to smoke very much, he remarked, and had a wooden pipe which pleased him. His Col. was a Brick, and his Capt. was a Whole Team, with a horse to let. How would Sis like, he inquired, for him to tie a few rebels to his wagon wheels?

I knew no more of JOB till I saw a paragraph in a newspaper, which stated that the 23d would stop in New York to breakfast, on its way to its destination. The morning came, and I started for the Park, arriving there in advance of the Regiment. The customary rim of smallish old boys, and oldish young women with dirty black hoods and untied shoes, was there, and the usual squad of policemen. Of the latter I made several inquiries, but they knew nothing; they couldn't say whether the baggage wagons would come up to breakfast or not; they had no remembrance of having seen baggage wagons in the Park on any occasion. An aged boy who had listened with a friendly air to my conversation, referred me to an office-door in a corner of the barracks. I opened it, and was informed that the Superintendent of the said barracks had gone to Brunswick. There was nothing to do but to wait. While skirting the lower part of the Park for the third time, I heard the notes of the Regimental band from the Astor, and took a position on the line where the soldiers were to pass, fixing my expectant eyes on the spot of their first appearance. Irregular rows of "Sons of Massachusetts" poured through the opening, their hats on the napes of their necks, good Yankee fashion. Then the pale Col. on a long tailed horse shot in, and several officers behind him in buskskin gloves, with wrists so severely stiff on their sword hilts, that I was taken with a sympathetic cramp. Then the men marched in, sallow, dirty, tired; their shoulders bent, and their muskets "every which way," but with a Purpose in their faces. "On, on to victory, or death," I sang between my teeth. When the row of drummer boys passed my heart failed me; they were children! "The Old Grenadier's Story" of Thornbury came into my mind.

> "'Twas a little drummer, with his side
> Torn terribly with shot;
> But still he feebly beat his drum,
> As though the wound were not.
> And when the Mameluke's wild horse
> Burst with a scream and cry,
> He said, 'O men of the Forty-third,
> *Teach me the way to die.*'"
>
> Then with a shout that flew to God
> They strode into the fray;
> I saw their red plumes join and wave
> But slowly melt away.
> The last who went—a wounded man,
> Bade the poor boy good-bye,
> And said, "The men of the Forty-third
> *Teach you the way to die.*"

The last went by and no JOB. I took a turn in the Park again for refreshment, crossed it, and presented myself to the policeman who kept the gate which enclosed the regiment. I made a gesture which signified my desire to get inside it, but he coolly stared at me without making any corresponding gesture of opening it. Happily a "Son of Mass.," arrived at this juncture, who knew me, and who proved an Open Sesame.

"Company D. I am after," I meekly said to a soldier.

"It's to the tother end, marm'; walk right through that way."

I glided between stacks of arms, looking to the right and the left, with the sun and the regiment staring me into blindness.

"Now take care of these 'ere guns marm; *don't* knock 'em down," I was cautioned. "Them flounces of yourn is some."

I reached Company D. at last, and was sent to the Captain still farther in the rear. I touched his arm.

"Are you the Company of Captain D.?"

"Yes," with eye on a superior officer.

"Where are your teamsters?"

"I don't know, excuse me," fixing both eyes rigidly on the superior officer.

"Look a here," said a private, "the company teamsters are on board of the steamer Metropolis."

I proceeded to the Metropolis, where I saw the Quarter Master, who kindly sent a man in pursuit of JOB. I stood in the lee of a lot of bales for protection from the horses that were coming out of the boat, and trampling round me. Presently JOB emerged from the confusion in a long blue over-coat, and advanced in my direction, easy and unconcerned as of old, with an added air of jauntiness I had never noticed. An orange woman hailed him, and he made an accost in return which astonished me.

"How came you here?" he asked when he reached me.

"JOB, why didn't you get a Colonel's commission? Grandpa had one in the Revolution."

"Sho, how be ye?"

Not knowing what to say exactly, I began to cry, and he was called away.

"If I could get away" he said, "I should like to come up to cousin ANN's. I dare say I shan't, so I'll say good day now."

I observed that he did not chaff the orange woman on his way back.

He came up to cousin ANN's about nine o'clock at night, and said that he was going to stay till five o'clock next morning, for the officers hadn't finished their breakfast at the Astor yet. He could sleep on the floor. When I told him that the springs of the sofa in our room were all broken, and that it might be comfortable on that account, he concluded to take it instead of the floor.

"Let's have a smoke," he said, seating himself in the highest and hardest chair. I waited for the pipe to loosen his tongue, although I expected him to say but little. After a few puffs he began:

"I have eighteen cents in my pocket for the incidental expenses of the campaign."

"Oh JOB!"

"The old man didn't give me a red; but I am going to send him all my pay. Tell him when you see him, that I always thought him a good old fogy."

"Why JOB!"

He took out his handkerchief to wipe his forehead.

"Excuse the color of this; I haven't had time to wash out my handkerchiefs."

I rifled his pockets of all he had, washed them in the basin, and dried them before my fire.

"Our rations were all left in Boston yesterday, and half the wagons; first rate management all through this war, I tell *you*."

"Oh JOB."

"I guess this machine will take in a supply of sleep about now."

He untied his shoes with an air, as if it were an unaccustomed luxury, and stretched himself with a yawn of comfort on the uneven sofa.

"Won't you take off your clothes, JOB?"

"I haven't had 'em off for ten days; but seeing that I am here I will take off my jacket."

"When do you have a chance at a bath, JOB?"

"I hope to wash myself next summer, if nothing happens."

"Mercy on us, JOB!"

"The Regiment never washes," he said solemnly, and closing his eyes was sound asleep in a moment.

At five o'clock I roused him, presented him with a cake of Phalon's reduced soap and a packet of sandwiches, and held the can

dle over the stairs to light him down. With his hand on the street door latch, he looked back and said:

"The long and short on't is, that the reason I am going to the war is because MARY BOWEN told me she wouldn't have me unless I went. Now, if I never come back, hooray!"

I hurried up stairs, threw open my window, and watched him as he walked down the empty street, his blue coat fluttering in the light of the lanterns, and his steps echoing on the pavement till he turned into Broadway and I lost sight of him—perhaps forever!

The next afternoon, happening to look out of the window I saw the 22d again, marching by 10th street. I rushed out just as the regiment halted at Grace Church. The men staggering with fatigue dropped on the curb stone, or crept up to the church railing and leaned it against it, with any feeling but that of devotion.

"Oh Lord but its tough," said a gray haired soldier near me.

"Blast New York and blast Broadway," said another. "Are we to be made a raree show, without the raree?"

The order was given to move on, and the men straggled into line again, and moved up Broadway. Last of all came JOB and his baggage wagon, but he never saw me. I knew he was swearing awfully by his savage face, and the way he eyed the crowd right and left. He shook his fist at a policeman, and made a wry mouth at a well dressed old gentleman, one of the Sanitary Committee, because he was so affable a spectator. A sly cut on the haunches of his off horse made it jump, to the consternation of the benevolent old gentleman. JOB was mad; he was not pleased at being to small a part of the spectacle even. If MARY BOWEN had seen him I am sure she would have preferred to have him home again.

A SHOVE TO CHIVALRY.

There gleams a light to those who ponder well
Upon the case of MASON and SLIDELL,
This shibboleth revealing—"Under a King,
Into nobility and rank men spring."

Surmise is lawful, then, that had the twain
To Europe's shelter safely crossed the main,
Commercial treaties might have opened been
For the young produce of some King and Queen,

Over the Southern Chivalry to rule,
With crown and sceptre; like the poor tom-fool
Who, in the pantomime, bangs people with
A club containing air instead of pith.

Then why should WILKES be dinnered so and drinked?
Since, better far, had he at treason winked,
Or favored, even—shall we say it?—well,
The projects mild of MASON and SLIDELL.

For then, who knows what glory might accrue,
By contrast, democratic us unto,
When side by side with—we no words will mince—
A slaved *noblesse* under a sleazy prince!

Nigger! Nigger!! Nigger!!!

The *Independent* is at it again. It would be very curious indeed if it were not. The *Independent* never loses an opportunity to be at it, and that is why it embraced the occasion of the President's Message to deliver itself of a howling article on the Nigger Question.

The President humanely proposes to colonize in some tropical clime the slaves emancipated by the war. The *Independent* regards this plan as barbarous, not to say bloodthirsty. The *Independent* considers that it has got a good thing in the nigger and is loth to lose him. Why banish our beloved black brother? exclaim BEECHER, CHEEVER & Co., lifting aloft their eyes in pious honor. Why tear the short-haired sable from our fond embrace? He has made a great deal of trouble in the country, it is true, but just consider for a moment what we, BEECHER, CHEEVER & Co., should do without him! Our occupation would be irretrievably gone.

And so instead of lending a loyal support to the President's wise scheme, the *Independent* heaps all the invective it can think of, upon it. It occurs to V. F., as to many other respectable people, that something in the Fort Lafayette way would suit the *Independent*'s complaint.

From our Sharp Blade.

It is a noticeable fact that Hilt on Head is held by our troops Sword in Hand.

AHEAD OF PRESTIDIGITATION AND ZAMPILLAEROSTATION.

IF possible, we will obtain exclusively for this paper, the services of an eminent modern speller, a man who can spell up to Harlem or Spuyten Duyvil Creek with his coat off and his boots on in fifteen minutes. He is now engaged upon an entirely new and interesting jawbreaker, equally suited for use in connection with an amateur gymnastic or necromantic performance, and which may be had on easy cash terms, by applying at this office. In order to give the public some faint idea of the extent and grandeur of our new word, we intend publishing the first few chapters of it in serial form, beginning this week as follows:

Kittenminnitspherengravibootsonkirkandakerfreezerblaekpipemebillywhatthejiggersampanmilksouwesterstaddlethumbcaroedspineandmangledmesles———

(To be Continued.)

The Emancipation Cowards.

At one of those unwholesome Republican caucuses held in Washington last week "Mr. SHERMAN of New York took the ground that we never could put down this rebellion with the bullet, that we must employ the slaves to do it."

O! you chicken-heart! What! are the twenty millions of men North of Mason's and Dixon's line no match for the six millions South of it? Have the climate and the corn-whiskey of Secessia so strengthened the rebel's muscles that every soldier in BEAUREGARD's army is able to whip three in McCLELLAN's? Is the spirit of the Northern people so debased that fighting in the most righteous cause that ever moved a nation to the battle-field, they should throw down their arms and utter this cowardly cry? Say that they are lost unless the poor, miserable negro comes to their assistance?

Pooh! pooh! SHERMAN. We are ashamed of you. Take our advice and return to your peaceful home.

A Touching Scene.

"Yet, is it not sad that this glorious Sun should be the daily exponent of universal grief? cried the YOUNGER, gazing askant with tearful eye upon the effulgent Orb.

"Of grief," murmured the ELDER, inquiringly; beshrew me, boy, an' I take thy meaning!"

"Ah!" replied the YOUNGER in a satisfied voice,

"Is not fair earth, 'now by the Sun of York,' clothed each day freshly with the hues of mo(u)rning!"

Then the ELDER fell upon his neck, and wept! which was a very unfortunate fall by the Elder.

Look out for him!

"*The Norfolk Day-Book* says that Gen. Scott will soon be in the South after the manner of Messrs. MASON and SLIDELL's capture."

"Scacely," Mr. *Day-Book*. There is a General, however, who "will soon be in the South" after a manner peculiarly his own. His name, to a casual observer, seems to look something like this ——McCLELLAN.

"Heavy Weather."

We see by late Western papers that the Rebel RAINS was advancing on Kansas, where he expected to be joined by the Rebel Hayes. We trust the junction will not be effected, for if haze and rains come together upon them, the Kansas folks are like to have a moist time of it.

Mrs. Britannia.—"WHAT! HUNGRY AGAIN? NOW LOOK HERE, LITTLE IRELAND, IF I CATCH YOU BAWLING AND ROUSING THE NEIGHBORS, WONT YOU CATCH IT!"

CARMEN BELLICOSUM.

An Old Song on a New Subject.

In Old Knick's old regimental
Comes the new Continental,
Right ahead,
Its Contributors delighting
In their very heavy writing,
Much like lead;
While the HARPERS—
Hear the carpers,
And poor FIELDS of The Atlantic, growing frantic, at its antic,
Newly born;
And like honey, honey, honey, is the hiving of the money—
In a Horn!

Blood, versus Bennett.

The circulation that HARVEY never could have discovered.
The circulation of *The Herald!*

Hard Roads to Travel.

The Roads of the Southern Harbors, when they have been macadamised by the Stone Fleet.

The Worst kind of tent for a Soldier to dwell in.

Discontent.

The Herald's "daily issue."

Slander.

HARDEE MADE EASY.

IF Colonel SAM COLT gets five millions of dollars from the government, for his six-shooter manufactory at Hartford, as he expects, we wish some of our expert negotiators with the other world would take the matter in hand.

What we want them to do is to ascertain from the spirits—exclusive of gin—with which all of them profess to be more or less familiar, the name and present future state of the gentleman by whom the revolving fire-arm was actually invented. Colonel SAM COLT is a travelled man, we believe, and he travels on his travels. In one of the old armories of Europe—either in the Scala at Milan, or the Sistine Arsenal, or the Vatican at Rome, we forget which—there is to be seen an ancient carbine constructed with a revolving cylinder, exactly upon the principle of the Colt repeater. As the percussion method had not been invented at the date of this gun, it is, of course, inferior in some important points to the modern weapon suggested by it. From a paper found at St. Helena, in the handwriting of the late unfortunate General BONAPARTE, it appears that the model did not strike that experienced officer, by whom it was carefully examined, as being capable of securing any great practical advantage to the science of destroying human life.

His objections to it may be condensed as follows.

It took two men, or at least, one man and a good-sized boy to wind it up and work it off.

When it was wound up, it couldn't be worked off.

In concluding his report upon this gun—the only report ever made in connection with it—General BONAPARTE pays a handsome tribute to the plain old-fangled musket, to which he owed so much, and which, in allusion either to his favorite game of euchre, or to the Anchor of Hope upon which he still leaned and scanned the future, he used playfully to term his best Bower. "Give me," says he, "the very good and jolly musket unbreeched in any style that is new; (*mousquet sans culottes*) to what good the great breeches for the guns? Let the stony fields of Egypt attest that my old rustidusti muskets, like the Highlanders of Scotland, have sown here and there the leaden seeds of gigantic laurels, without any other breeches than those with which nature has provided them."

From this it may be gathered that the original repeating fire arm has been considerably improved on by the enterprising and ingenious Colt. Nevertheless, if only out of gratitude for an idea that has been an immense fortune to him, it is to be hoped that the ingenious adapter in question will take proper measures for discovering the nearest of kin to the originator of his weapons, with a view of enabling them to live riotously for the remainder of their lives, on a fair share of that five-million-dollar check—when he gets it.

From Heathen Sources.

There is a rumor afloat that FLOYD has been superseded in command of the rebel army in Western Virginia, and that the position has been assigned to Colonel HEATH.

It may be interesting to our readers to know something of the family history of Colonel HEATH. He is lineally descended from SHAKESPEARE'S tragedy of "Macbeth," the "blasted HEATH" spoken of in that weird romance having been the first of his ancestors on record. That is all we know about him.

Gas-burners.

Some warm debates are expected during the present Session of Congress. If the mode of heating isn't quite determined on, won't some patriot try and introduce the "gas-consuming" stove into the Halls of Legislation?

A Metallic Reflection.

We are told that Tin melts at a temperature of 44 degrees. That must be about the lowest temperature of the pockets of half the people we know, then.

The Genuine Chasseurs D'Afrique.

LOVEJOY, SUMNER, WILSON & Co.'s, proposed regiments of Contrabands.

A Service of Plate.

The Naval Service, now that ships Go About in plate armor.